

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Puck

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BETWEEN TWO EVILS.

THE TEMPERATE MAN:—"I want nothing to do with either of you!"

PUCK.

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PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

PAN is not dead. We put forward this statement in bold contradiction of all the female poets with three names who make the magazines a vehicle for reiterated rhythmic assertions that the hairy-legged hymnist of mythology has given up his open-air concerts on the river banks, probably having yielded to the malign influences of modern malaria. [We make no extra charge for the airy alliteration and other poetical properties in this sentence.] No, Pan is not dead. The blossoms on the bare branches are turning a deeper pink preparatory to committing the boldness of bursting open. The goat on the Yorkville rocks is capering in the wake of the bill-sticker. In every saloon-window hangs a picture of the bounding Billy, and a legend is thereto attached, a legend brief but rich in significance. The legend is "Bock." And the capricorn influences of the season catch on to the poet in the Bier-Keller, and he sings as sweet a Springtime song as ever lured and frightened the mythic nymphs among the rustling reeds.

Let us, too, hymn the praises of beer, as we sit in the cool vaults and dip our moustaches in the foaming new brew. Not as poor George Arnold sang, a sad and desperate song; but rather a gladsome paean to one of the good things of the earth. For this is the season when we may thank our stars that we are not as those Englishmen yonder, who know not the delight of the Bock beer, that has all the ferment and freshness of the Spring in it. And, verily, is it not a good thing that in this hard, trying, startlingly variegated climate we have a drink where-with overworked Americans may quench their thirst and aid digestion without burning out their brains or setting fire to their nerves? We have to thank Germany for sending us emi-

grants who make good and industrious citizens, and we have to thank those emigrants for bringing with them their music and their beer. We are told that the Zuni Indians think the white men demi-gods and gods. If the Zuni delegation looked around when they were here, they must have come to the conclusion that the white man's nectar was Lager Bier.

Nor is such an apotheosis of the drink undeserved. People are beginning to see what beer has done and is doing for a country that twenty-five years ago consumed whiskey enough to give any other nation the eternal shakes. Lager Beer is the true temperance drink. No beverage is wholesome for habitual use unless it is home-made. Even light and honest Bordeaux wines—were it possible to import and sell them cheaply—may not be drunk here as freely as the Frenchman drinks them; and it will be many years, perhaps many generations, before we can produce a native wine that will take the place of our Gallic friends' *vin ordinaire*. Foreign ales and brandies are fit only for occasional use, and a long space is advisable, between every two occasions. Our own Bourbon and Rye are goodly distillations; but they are to Lager what relishes are to solid food; whereas beer is our daily bread in the way of drink; and the bread need not be ashamed of the companionship.

Oh, yes, we hear a cry of expostulation from that melancholy apostle of total abstinence who calls himself a "Temperance" man, and who has slipped a new commandment into the Decalogue: Thou Shalt Not Drink. Yes; but we shall drink, good friend. In all ages wine hath made glad the heart of man; and if the Egyptian mummies in our museums could speak, they would tell you of the good malt liquor that once went down the throats now parched and black in their pitch coatings. Oh, no, friend, you are no more a temperate man than that besotted drunkard over the way. You and he are both ignorant of the truth that our appetites were given us to be gratified in moderation; not to be starved, and not to be pampered. You belie and he betrays your common nature. Look abroad, O ascetic, over all the land, and see whether your long faces and your sermons and your scoldings and your tracts and your sickly substitutes for the alcoholic stimulants and tonics which the body of man craves have saved from that yawning "drunkard's grave" which you talk about, the one thousandth part as many men as have been kept in the paths of true temperance by the beer which you call the "draught of hell." Look abroad, drink wisdom, and beer. This is the song of the poet and the sage. *Explicit Laus Cerevisie.*

The Republican party probably thinks that it is pretty firmly fixed in office and in the affections of the people, and that the lease of power it has for so long a time enjoyed will be renewed in '84 as it was in '80. Perhaps it has very good reasons for looking into the future with equanimity, so long as the Democratic party is its avowed rival, and continues to make itself ridiculous. We may, indeed, look forward to a perpetual Republican administration, if there is never to be a more formidable antagonist than the "thing of shreds and patches" known as the Democratic party.

"Ah!" a Democratic politician will say: "PUCK has at last been purchased by the Republicans. This is Arthur's doing; I always thought it would come to it." Then some leading Republican will remark: "Even PUCK

sees what a grand party we are and how necessary it is for the good of the country that we should continue to hold office. Hurrah for Republican PUCK!" Not quite so fast, Mr. Democrat; and you, Mr. Republican, are also a little premature in your conclusions, for the majority of the citizens does not place the reins of government in your hands because it has confidence in you, but because it chooses the lesser of two evils.

A plague on both your Houses, we say. You are both bad—very bad—so bad, indeed, that we can never hope to have a national government free from corruption until both of you are effectually wiped out, and a new party, with honest principles, enters the arena. The Republican party can scarcely realize to what depths of degradation it has fallen. As fraud after fraud, swindle after swindle, grab after grab, and robbery after robbery is unearthed, it scarcely so much as occasions an exclamation of surprise. The moral sense of the party seems completely blunted, and the leading members of it would be uneasy if a day were to be passed without some disreputable affair being made the subject for investigation.

There have been so many of these things, and they have succeeded one another in such rapid succession, that it is about time for independent journals and voters, who value honesty, to do something to retrieve the reputation for probity, which, if not already lost, we are certainly losing. Let any fair-minded man who calls himself a Republican, look over the damning catalogue of crime that has been committed by his party, and then consider if he has any reason to be proud of belonging to it.

He must certainly be peculiarly constituted if he is inclined to boast of the acts of the Star Route thieves, and the hard fight Justice is having to give them their deserts. Then why should he speak proudly of the Grant administration, of very-Ex-Secretary Belknap and his post-traderships, of Mr. Robeson and his navy contracts, of the Whiskey Ring, of the Credit Mobilier, of the back pay grab, of the returning board of 1876 and the rewards of its members for their queer work, and especially of the impudent and indecent attempt made by General Grant, the friend of the frauds, to get himself nominated for a third term? Oh, yes, a new party is sadly needed, for the old one, fattened with plunder, is covered with patches so as to be almost unrecognizable, and fairly reeks with corruption.

We have a very good supply of bad characters in the East, and therefore can well dispense with long accounts of the shooting of worse characters in the West, and philosophical comments and eulogies on the dead man. We fail to see anything heroic or beautiful or lovely or noble about the career of the vulgar and barbarous murderer and thief, James, who has been so fortunately prevented from doing more mischief. There are other men now at large in some of the Western States who ought to be served in the same way, if civilization on this continent is to mean anything. Governor Crittenden was perfectly justified in taking any steps to rid the world of this bloodthirsty blackguard. James deserved no more consideration than if he had been a wild beast. As for the semi-public funeral and the sympathy shown to the monster's family, they are simply a disgrace to that part of the country. We are too ready to make heroes of infamous scoundrels, and thus demoralize the youth of the country.

MORE AGRICULTURAL.

In pursuance of our promise of last week, we now beam on the horny-handed tiller of the soil with all the radiance of our godlike intelligence, and stand ready to give him some valuable hints on the management of the Farm and Garden.

We will begin with the Farm, because we know least about it, and we prefer to tail off on the Garden. We never were on a Farm; but there are two or three Gardens in this city where we generally feel pretty well at home. They are gardens that burgeon out more in the line of beer than blossoms. But in this article we will confine ourselves to the strictly rural style.

Here are our hints:

CHICKEN-FEED.—Good feed is necessary to raise good chickens, and all farmers who do not make a specialty of bringing up paragon-wire-frame, leather-covered chickens for boarding-house use should pay great attention to providing their chickens with good solid feed. The old practice of letting the chickens trail around after the goat and pick up his leavings is reprehensible, although economical. It has been conclusively proved that a diet of hoop-skirt and barrel hoop is not precisely calculated to heap adipose tissue upon the skeleton of an ordinary fowl. Nowadays, such is the march of science, considerate farmers brace up the constitution of their hens on raw oysters, of which the shells are valuable in assisting digestion, pâté-de-foie-gras, aniline dyes and other little luxuries of the season. Chickens thus treated always show a decided superiority to other fowls, and those of high breed have been known to refrain, of their own accord, from scratching up the flower-beds, and to confine their ravages to the potato-patch.

ENSILAGE.—This method of preserving crops is daily gaining favor, and no farm is now considered complete without a silo. The process of preservation is simple. It consists in digging a hole in the ground, putting the feed therein, bricking it up and keeping it there until it is wanted. Then it is taken out, painted an alluring green, and played off on the live-stock for the fresh article. Farmers who do not wish to go to the expense of constructing a genuine scientific silo may provide themselves with a cheap and effective substitute by inducing half-a-dozen old hens to wallow around in the dirt and settle down until they have shaken the sub-soil into their feathers, and then filling the excavations with the feed to be preserved, and putting a board over it, and getting the hired man to sit on it.

HOW TO KILL CURRANT BUGS.—A correspondent in Middle Podunk Junction writes that he has had great success in killing currant-bugs after a fashion of his own, which he intends to have copyrighted, so that he may get a royalty out of other simple-minded tillers of the soil. This inventive genius grafts cucumber-vines, which bear a particularly deadly variety of fruit, upon the currant bushes. The bugs eat the cucumbers and die in awful agony. This idea is a good one; but its use involves heavy expenditures for coroners' fees and for the funerals of the bugs.

HOW TO MAKE A POOR FARM RICH.—There are many ways of doing this; but we do not pin our faith to any one of them. Some people have recommended sowing the land with iron filings; but there are objections to this plan. If the land is situated, for instance, in New Jersey, the iron-filings will cost more than the real-estate is worth. There are radical spirits who suggest turning the land over and working the under-side; but for our part, we

think that the most feasible scheme is to raise half-a-dozen mortgages on the property and then take the first train for Canada. It is not necessary to carry the mortgages with you.

GENERAL HINTS.—Care and economy are the farmer's best friends, except hard-cider and credit at the grocery store. The small details of management should never be neglected. If your harrow is in bad condition, send it to a dentist and have new teeth put in. If the boys run away with your plow-shares to "sky" at vagrant dogs, send to Mr. Jay Gould and get new shares. Be careful to avoid setting hens on nests composed entirely of china eggs. When you find your cucumber-vines running all over your neighbor's property, tie them up, and try to get them to stay at home at night by providing them with innocent recreation. On the night before sending your chickens to market, feed them with buckshot painted yellow. The chicken takes it for corn, and it is both cheaper and heavier. If there is any dye left over after you have colored your Easter eggs and your flannel underclothing, spill it on your wife's dahlias and sell them to the city seedsmen for new varieties. If you keep beehives, you will find it advisable to extract the stings of the bees. This may easily be done by sending the hired man out to stir up the hives with a short stick. He will bring most of the stings back with him.

Next week we shall give a nice little paper on strawberry culture.

THE PROFESSIONAL HUMORIST.

When the soft zephyr capers o'er the leas,
The humorist brings out his properties,
Arranges them in manner circumspect,
To get the wildest kind of wild effect.

The properties for Springtime let us quote:

First in the motley pageant comes the goat,
The petulant billy, who serenely stands
And from the barrels eats the iron bands,
The oyster-can and circus-poster blue,
The stovepipe hat and arctic overshoe.
Then comes the Shanghai, rooting in the grove,
Then comes the husband taking down the stove;
As he removes the joints and swallows soot,
His wife stands by with merrimental toot,
Which maddens him until he cannot see—
And so his little song is sung in D.
And then the carpet-beater doth appear,
And in his wake the sable white-washer.
While kerchiefed maids the airy cottage clean,
The small boy's doubled by the applet green;
And tied into a bow-knot neat and trim;
And, while the primrose waxes very prim,
He shoots the robin in the woodland dim
And in the river takes his April swim,
Plays hooky in the wood, of songsters full,
And throws the brickbat at the Durham bull
And sends him flying through the sunny bog,
And ties the antique kettle to the dog.
Then comes the tennis, out upon the lawn,
Then goes the heavy ulster into pawn,
Then, while the housewife travels on the scrub,
The small boy goes and joins a base-ball club;
And strawberries and shad are quickly sold,
As though they are of diamonds made and gold,
And then the teacher sells, in manner cool,
The picnic ticket of the Sunday-school.
These are the jester's Springtime properties;
And every year, when o'er the balmy leas
The zephyr capers and the billy kicks,
The catalogue into his work he sticks.

R. K. M.

'Tis now the anglers shiver
By the placid lake and river,
While they land the flapping flat-fish
And the cat-fish.

SHAD, SHAD, shad!

Is cried in accents hollow,
And we would that our tongues could utter
Our thoughts when the bone we swallow.

Puckings.

A CELEBRATED CASE—Limburger.

IN SPAIN they send striking compositors to jail instead of to the galleys.

MR. PARNELL has been out on parole. Is Mr. Lorillard backing him?

JUMBO AND our cartoon would lead people to believe that there is an alarming epidemic of elephantiasis.

A MAN HAS at last been found who could freeze out Charles Francis Adams. The man is in the bunko business.

MR. PERUVIAN SHEPHERD, by his declining proclivities, will soon acquire a bigger reputation than Horatio Seymour.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS voted for Mr. Tilden in 1880, and there are some people who say that Mr. Adams's mind was then in no better condition than it is at the present time.

THERE is likely to be a revival in base-ball throughout the country this season. The unusual flood of new surgeons who have recently received their diplomas is thus accounted for.

MR. VANDERBILT, in expressing his abhorrence of "bears," says he hates a man who sells what he hasn't got. There is, then, no fear of Mr. Vanderbilt finding a purchaser for his reputation for veracity.

OUR VENERABLE female friend, the *Evening Post*, by her verdict in the Marie Menzen slaughter case, shows very clearly that she has not studied the block system and safety on the "L" roads as thoroughly as PUCK has.

JESSE JAMES was very clever and artistic in opening safes and robbing banks, but we don't think there will be any immediate necessity for St. Peter to indulge in the expensive luxury of hiring an extra night watchman to guard the heavenly keys.

MRS. MILLIONAIRE MACKEY says that her daughter shall not marry a prince or a count. There is certainly more danger of her doing this abroad than in America, where most of the princes and counts are too busily occupied in shaving, hair-cutting, street-cleaning and serving in restaurants to find time to court heiresses.

WHY DOESN'T some enterprising party make porous-plasters to represent sunflowers? Then one would not look so much like an old billboard. Besides that, when they roll up and drop off like a leech they would go a great way toward filling up your sister's scrap-book.

IT IS well enough to inquire into the alleged misconduct of Judge Westbrook in connection with the elevated railroad suits, but much more would be gained by investigating why the public permits these delightfully safe roads to be worked by a monstrosly clever and ingenious manager, and to have such refined, active and humane employees.

MISS KATE FIELD would not allow reporters to be present at the annual meeting of her co-operative association. We, therefore, do not know how much money she has made or saved for each co-operator, but it is no doubt quite sufficient to induce Miss Field to stick to the dry-goods business, which is a much more profitable occupation than either acting or writing, especially when the capital is not one's own.

WHERE IS IT?

Expedition in Search of the U. S. Navy.

Puck's Private Enterprise.

HOW IT IS TO BE FITTED OUT.

THE CAPTAIN, OFFICERS AND CREW.

Very Full Particulars.

All for 10 Cents.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Herald*, has kept itself pretty well before the public by fitting out expeditions in search of lost individuals and ships. It, unfortunately, did not succeed in finding the North Pole; but it did succeed in finding poor Dr. Livingstone. Now, PUCK does not propose to allow himself to be outdone by any daily paper, and therefore has made arrangements for an expedition to discover something, which, when it is found, will be hailed with satisfaction and delight by every true American citizen. We mean the Navy, the United States Navy, which for so long a time has been lost to the sight of man.

Many people have said that we never had a Navy—that its existence is purely mythical; but we are in a position to know better. There must be a Navy, because Mr. George M. Robeson, who has been offered the position of pilot to this expedition, says there is, and there is no man more intimately acquainted with the subject.

Not that we would take Mr. Robeson's bare word for it; but we have seen the accounts of the expenditure for ships; and no naval accounts were ever issued from the Treasury without being strictly correct and representing the amounts actually paid for legitimate purposes.

The great points to be considered were: Where was the Navy last seen, and who saw it? The next important question was: Who should command the expedition?

Superintendent Walling was communicated with, and he immediately issued a general order to the effect that all captains of precincts should keep a sharp lookout for any traces of the missing article.

Detectives were also placed on the scent, and, after searching several sailors' boarding-houses in the neighborhood of the waterside, reported that there were rumors that the Navy had been seen in a sun-fish pond back of Saugerties. A Puck Commissioner was despatched there to investigate, and he soon after telegraphed as follows:

"I have undoubted information that some of the Navy was here recently, but it suddenly disappeared. I think, however, I am on the right track."

On receipt of this telegram, no time was lost in organizing the expedition. Of course, the first thing to do was either to buy or build a vessel that was suitable for the dangerous enterprise.

We have secured, at marvellous expense, the A1 Canal-boat Broadway Stage—so called because of its great slowness—and we confidently expect it will be in seaworthy condition in the course of three or four weeks.

It is at present lying at Greenpoint, having its cabin furnished in sumptuous style.

We are not prepared to mention the names of the gentlemen who will make up the crew, as we have not yet finished the arrangements; but we are anxious to number among them Peter Cooper, Oscar Wilde, Cyrus W. Field, Samuel J. Tilden, Susan B. Anthony (for an antique mash), John Kelly (for rough-and-tumble purposes), and the Board of Aldermen (to keep the fun up). The command will, in all probability, be intrusted to the venerable Peter

Cooper, who is to be provided with a brand-new air-cushion. Samuel J. Tilden will probably have charge of the deck-hands, and Susan B. Anthony will be made stewardess, while the armory will be run by the late Roscoe Conkling, and the rudder will be manipulated by Geo. M. Robeson.

The wine-cellar of the old craft is to be of the most costly description, and the cigars will be imported from New Jersey and have red bands on. An accordeon will be furnished for Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, so that, on moonlight nights, he may serenade Susan B. Anthony and get up another engagement scare.

The craft is also to be supplied with the strongest glasses, so that anything bearing the slightest resemblance to the United States Navy may not be passed by unnoticed.

The whole crew will wear gray suits and old-fashioned fire-hats, which may be turned hind-side foremost to keep the wind out of their faces. If they succeed in finding the United States Navy, they are to take it on board their craft and bear it back to this city in triumph. In that case, we intend to have it brought up Broadway on a truck, and exhibited in Tiffany's show-window for a fortnight. After this it will be rented to some variety show traveling through the provinces, that all patriotic Americans may know our naval weakness, and understand how it is that a small, insignificant, two-ply South American power can come along and knock us out without getting a return blow.

The map of the trip will be as follows: Down the Bay, then up the Kill von Kull and along the Morris Canal—as it is suspected that Robeson, during his term of office, secreted the Navy somewhere in his native state. It is also imagined that some burglars stole the Navy one night, and took it up some Jersey creek, and converted the vessels into dwellings and summer hotels, and set them on the land upon which they squatted.

Thus the preliminaries are practically settled; and, in about two weeks, we trust old Peter Cooper may be seen prancing along the hurricane-deck of the canal-boat, setting out in quest of our dearly beloved, long-lost Navy.

CURRENT COMMENTS.

TRIOLET.

[We ask no odds of Austin Dobson.]

The April frog is croaking
From the virescent pool,
With new ambition choking—
The April frog is croaking.
But, "lay aside all joking,"
(You've had your April fool)
The April frog is croaking
From the virescent pool.

EDWARD WICK.

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND—A dollar note.

QUESTION OF THE DAY—Are you going to move?

SIGNS OF THE TIMES: To Let—Strawberry short-cake—Bock.

QUESTION OF THE DAY—Will my Derby last me until straw-hat time?

It is hardly time for the small boy to be prostrated by the green apple, but while he anxiously awaits the advent of that fell destroyer, he rapturously courts peril by going swimming.

NOW DOETH the old Hoboken billy-goat stand on a slanting rock looking as sad as a poet in a straw-hat and a seal-skin overcoat, because he knows that his dear little son, Reginald, is being sold in the dime-restaurant for Spring lamb.

AT A FUNERAL, when an undertaker is helping the mourners in the carriages, you invariably see a crowd gathered on the stoop, with great big hot tears rolling down their cheeks, and sobbing as if their hearts would break. But it's awful hard to tell whether the sorrow is for the deceased, or because there is no more room in the carriages.

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK—No. IX.



BANDITS OF THE BOWERY.

"THE GOSPEL UNTO SINNERS."



A STUDY OF NEW YORK DISTINCTIONS.

TO A VIRTUOUS VENDER.—A BROADWAY CHARACTER STUDY.

Patiently and hard thou ploddest
Through the long and sultry day,
With thy stock-in-trade so modest,
Resting on a humble tray.

On the corner calm thou standest,
In the shower-driven mud,
Casting smiles the sweetest, blindest,
On the two-cent collar-stud.

There thou art, in clothing shoddy,
All thy bosom full of song,
With thy salver to thy body
Fastened with a leathern thong.

When the weary cit thou sightest,
Seeking his abode of rest,
Then thou bowest, with politest
Invitations to invest.

E'en thine oculars out-twinkle
All thy meretricious gems,
E'en when water wagons sprinkle
On thy rudely trousered stems.

E'er thou seemest bright and happy
As the orioles that wing
Swiftly round the maple sappy
In the moving days of Spring.

Often have I seen thee standing
With a rapture wildly strange,
Selling horse-shoe pins, and handing
Customers the proper change.

I have seen warm visions wreathing
Round that countenance of thine,
While upon thy trinkets breathing
To excite a selling shine.

I have seen thee many, many
Moments pause, and, thoughtful, scan
All the fleeting show like any
Gentlemanly clergyman.

Manfully of the survival
Of the fittest thou dost prate,
And of thine adjacent rival
Never dost equivocate,

But upon the corner yellest
All the virtues of thy wares,
And the same thou quickly sellest
On the leading thoroughfares.

When the night on Broadway settles,
Merchants strike their homeward jogs
Like so many ancient kettles
Drawn by discontented dogs,

Then thine enterprise thou foldest
Up, and with it all thy cares,
While thou flyest in thy boldest
Style up seven flights of stairs,

Where, serenely in thy rocker,
Thou art rocking to and fro,
Reading Tennyson and Locker—
Dreaming of the long ago.

When thy life was bright and sunny,
When thy cheek was like a rose,
And thou hadst sufficient money
For a monthly suit of clothes;

When with bosom love-elated,
Down the pathway like a shot,
Thou didst wander saturated
With a wealth of bergamot,

In a manner light and airy,
In thy kids and coat of blue,
To the residence of Mary
Dusenbury Montague.

How she praised thy whiskers sandy,
While she touched them with her glove;
How thy packages of candy
In her mouth she'd softly shove.

How, while summer winds were blowing
Flower-petals in the brake,
Thou wouldst crack thy spinal, rowing
Her upon the placid lake.

All these facts excite my pity—
Make me shed a tearful flood—
Knowing thou must roam the city,
Vending pin and collar-stud.

But we all have our romances,
Pop to damosels with stealth;
Tell their Pa's, with coolest glances,
Lies about our wondrous wealth.

And, who knows, thou Fate, that carvest
Rudely all our visions sweet,
May not we, in lifetime's harvest,
Stand upon the noisy street?

In the day-time, hot and dusty,
In straw hat and ulster drest,
Yelling in a manner lusty,
With a tray upon our chest?

While before us Beauty's daughter
Passes like a shooting star:
"Nobby horseshoe pins—a quarter-
Of-a-dollar—here you are!"

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE LION'S SHARE—THIS TIME.



ARTHUR (dividing the spoils): "THERE, I THINK THAT OUGHT TO SATISFY YOU!"

A BIRD IDYLL.

As they stood together, looking out into the garden, she raised her eyes softly to his, and, while an expression of sweet suspense crept softly over her pretty face, murmured:

"Don't the little birds have a nice time?"

"Oh, yes," he answered: "they do that. They have political sinecures without voting or having to get Congressmen to back them. And they are in for life, and they can't write letters that will expose them ten years later, and they haven't got war records to be sprung on them at the wrong moment, and they know nothing about finance to get them into trouble. Oh, yes, darling, the birds have a pretty nice time of it."

"But their lives seem to be made up of love," she whispered, faintly.

"Yes; but you mustn't bet too heavily on love. I have seen human beings whose lives seemed to be made up of love; but, when there was no one around, their home assumed the character of a Democratic primary, with a good-sized tornado emptied into the free fight. You mustn't judge the feelings of a married couple for each other by the way they act at a kettledrum. But then the birds have the advantage over men in making love—"

"No jokes on 'bills' and 'notes'!" she broke in.

"No," he replied: "but because they have a sure thing. They don't have to go downtown and write poetry and put in coal all day for four dollars per week, and they never have to save up money to pay for ice-cream and theatre parties. They never have to buy clothes, and when they do fall in love they are not talked about all over creation, and they don't have to meander up to the girl's father and tell him a lot of lies, and prime their references to do likewise. Oh, yes, the bird in love has a pretty soft thing."

"Do you think they understand each other when they twitter?"

"I don't think there can be any doubt about that, because the male seems to wax mad when the female gets in all the talk. Now that female over there seems to be in the act of nailing her lord for a new silk dress, or commanding him not to be looking at that other bird over there in the polonaise. Of course

they understand each other, or else they would keep still."

"Would you like to be a bird?"

"Not much," he replied, with great emphasis: "I wouldn't like the idea of getting up at five in the morning, and washing in dew on a soggy flowerbed, and squawking off a lot of rapture over a breakfast of raw worms. Oh, no, I don't want any bird in mine. I would rather sell suspenders on commission!"

"But, suppose we were both birds?" she said, with a slight tremor in her voice.

"Then we should have to dodge the cat, and boys with guns, and we'd have to live in trees and have a dull time, and no lemonade through straws. And I shouldn't have to call on you in tight shoes and swallow-tail coat. And we'd sit on a currant-bush and kiss with our bills—hard, cold, solidified bone kisses—just think of it! And I shouldn't have any shirt-front for you to lay your head on. And, if I reached out for a handful of waist, I wouldn't run the risk of having a yard of my palm torn off on a pin which—"

"What becomes of the birds?" she broke in, while an early-dawn tint suffused her features.

"Go South for their health, generally; but, if we were birds, we might be knocked down with sticks and stuffed to ornament a mantelpiece or a lady's hat. How would you like to be filled with a lot of sawdust and chemicals?"

"Not much. I'd rather be stuffed with ice-cream and caramels. But I mean, what becomes of the birds at last? We never find them. Now the flowers fade and blow away, and we know what becomes of everything else; but we never find dead birds lying in the garden walk. Do their companions bear them away and lay them lovingly beneath the leaves? I always had an idea that a dainty poetic legend could be made of it."

"It could be done, my dear, and it would make a nice ten-dollar poem. But don't take any stock in musical valleys and happy spheres millions of miles away when you figure on birds. They don't go to any such place, my dear. They generally go to the dime-restaurant, where they are worked into pies, or cast to play the difficult rôle of the quail on toast."

She sank on the sofa in a flutter, and he said he would be around on the morrow to take her to the mat.

R. K. M.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXX.
WEDDINGS.



Ya-as, I feel verwy much wearwied by the exertion that Mrs. Fitznoodle and myself have undergone wecently, in being pwesent at numerous weddings.

Of course, there is always a wush to get marwied just aifah Eastah; but this ye-ah it seems particularly gweat in all gwades of society, but especially among wich people. My wife has spent a pwodigious amount of time, and aw even money, in purchasing suitable pwesents, and has wansacked all the jewelwy and *buvic-à-buvac* shops througthout the city.

When I mildly pwotested against this tendency toward extwavagance, Mrs. Fitznoodle got a little angwy, and said I did not understand these things. I ventured to wemark:

"My de-ah, I weally fail to compwehend your weason for twoubling yourself about giving a hundwed-dollah pwesent to Miss Wosalind Wobinson."

"Why, Fwancis, don't you know what she gave me when I was marwied? It was a lovely pin-cushion, with a cwocheted covah, too sweet faw anything."

"What has become of it? I don't wecollect evah seeing it."

"Oh!" she weplied: "it got wathah soiled, and I thwew it away."

I could not wefwain fwom smiling.

"I think," said she: "that it is verwy mean of you to laugh. You are, perwhaps, making comparwisons between the pwice of my gift and hers."

"No, my de-ah, I wasn't doing that; but don't you think that Miss Wosalind sent you a me-ah twifle, knowing that you, in your good nachah, would weward her a hundwed-fold?"

"I don't wish to talk to you about it at all; so there, now," said my wife, angwily, and I was obliged to subside.

I am not going to descwibe all the marwiage cerwemonies and bwakfasts that we have attended, because there is a dweadful sameness about them; but there was one event that attracted my attention a twifle maw than the othahs. It was a union between a young woman, who is weported to belong to the gweatest and most arwistocwatic family that evah twod Amerwican soil, and the son of a man who aw has waised himself fwom some inferwiah twade on the pwarwies to woll in wiches. Some people say it is a gweat sacwifice on the gyurl's part, but Jack tells me that, on investigation, he fails to find any gweat difference in wank between them—the one aw is equally as wespected as the othah aw.

"TAKE THAT right away," said the young man to the waiter, as he pointed to a saucer of whipped cream which had been brought for his strawberries: "I did not come in here to get shaved."

It is now the sparrows flutter
In the gutter,
And the house-maid, very utter,
Scrubs the shutter.

CUSTOMER: "Give me some fish!"

WAITER: "What will you take, sir, blue-fish?"

CUSTOMER: "It makes no difference; I'm color-blind."

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—Take her to see Jumbo.
J. L. T.—We have engaged Jumbo to sit on the next man who sends us another elephantine pun.
NAMELESS DESPERADO.—This is Spring: the tender flowers lift up their heads, the breezes are redolent with the soft perfume of bursting buds, the voice of the turtle is heard in the land asking if the fly-season isn't about arrived; and you, in the midst of all these subtly sweet influences of re-awakening nature, you send us a pack of puns on Jumbo and other barred subjects. We sincerely trust that you will get your grave ready in time for the first crop of violets.

M. G. G.—We haven't the slightest doubt that we are "at liberty to publish" your "epigrammatic" letter, announcing that you have opened an intelligence office for young women who wish to be employed in telegraph offices, and we shall be very happy to publish it. But you have misaddressed your communication. It should have been sent to the business department of PUCK, where they will give you all the information you may desire about our advertising rates.

HE SEES THE JOKE.

BALTIMORE, April 13th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

While reading your amusing "Puckerings" of current number of PUCK, it occurred to me that a person so exquisitely sensitive to grammatical inconsistency as the "Reader in the Sun" should not *himself* have committed so great a breach of grammatical etiquette as to have written: "neither of them *are*," etc. To this "Reader of the Sun" the Biblical adage of the mote and hare would not be inapplicable.

Yours,

CONSTANT READER.

THE VOICE OF DEUTSCHLAND.

Moline, Ill., April 10, 1882.

Werthe Herren Keppler & Schwarzmann:

Ich kann nicht umhin Ihnen mitzutheilen, daß Ihr Brief im englischen "Puck" hier viel Anklang gefunden. Die bedeutendste tägliche englische Zeitung hat ihn vollständig copirt und Jedermann spricht davon. Sie haben jedenfalls den richtigen Fleck getroffen; Wahrheit besteht und Lügen vergeht, das ist von jeher so gewesen.
 Achtungsvoll, J. H. M.
 (Abonment.)

AMUSEMENTS.

"La Belle Russe" is said to be in rehearsal at WALLACK'S, although "Youth" waltzes gaily along.

"Squatter Sovereignty," at HARRIGAN & HART'S THEATRE COMIQUE, is now an old story, but it promises to be a Methusalem before its final disappearance from the stage.

The Ladies' Philharmony is at KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL, with Mlle. Adrienne Trevars, *chanteuse*, Fräul. Nand'l Hofer, Tyrolese, Mr. Rud. Frische, comedian, and the usual Niagara of beer.

"Let us divorce," said a husband to his wife. "No, my dear, my love for you is too ardent; but we will go to ABBEY'S PARK THEATRE and hear 'Divorgons';" and they went. There are many other people like them.

There is no question about the success of "The White Slave," at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE. It is not a great play, but it is quite great enough to satisfy the audiences and Mr. Bartley Campbell, the author.

Miss Adelaide Detchon is starring in "Wives," at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, and she has a very good company to do it with, comprising W. J. Lemoyne, E. M. Holland, William Seymour, May Davenport and other desirable beings.

Birch, Hamilton & Backus, with their black following, are taking a well-earned rest, and have surrendered their opera house to "All at Sea," a musical comedy, the latest production of Mr. George Jessop, author of "Sam'l of Posen," "Nina," and other successful plays.

We are weary of chronicling the fact that "Esmeralda" is at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE; but perhaps our readers will tell us what to do about it. This reminds us that the 1,500th performance, all told, of "Hazel Kirke" took place at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE on Monday night last.

Claude Duval on a live horse, and other personages in real coaches drawn by real horses, are very pretty to look at. And you can see and hear them—the people, not the horses—every night at the STANDARD THEATRE, if you make the necessary financial arrangements at the box-office for seats or standing room.

BARNUM'S "AWFUL EXAMPLE."

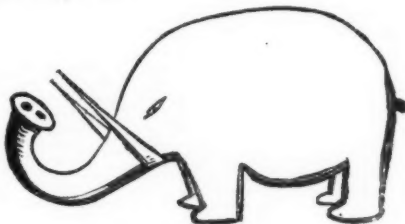


THE GREAT TEMPERANCE SHOWMAN:—"You see before you, ladies and gentlemen, the dreadful effects of —"

Mr. Bronson Howard's "Green Room Fun," written for the Salisbury Troubadors, is far above the average of this kind of nonsense. If the Vokeses are still in this country, they ought at once to retain Mr. Howard as dramatic author. BOOTH'S THEATRE is, for the present, Booth's theatre, and the experienced actor, after whom it is named, is supported by Miss Bella Pateman and Mr. Barton Hill, and is playing there a round of his well-worn characters. "Macbeth" we are to have to-night; to-morrow, "The Fool's Revenge," and "Richelieu" at Saturday's matinée.

"Girouette" drew, to DALY'S THEATRE, last Wednesday, the usual array of first-nighters, who frequently expressed satisfaction at some features of the performance, which is bright, conventional and tuneful, and strongly suggestive of many other bright, tuneful, comic operas familiar to the public. The scenery is pretty and natural, and the small donkeys introduced in the first act were patient and picturesque. Miss May Fielding made a sufficiently royal *Princess Frédérique*, and Miss Guthrie acted and sang in a conscientious and earnest manner. Signor Montegriffo, as the true *Eustache*, seemed to have a very distinct idea of what was required of him, in marked contrast to Mr. McDonough, who appeared sometimes in doubt. The plot, of course, turns on the heroes marrying the wrong young women, the indispensable feature of French comic opera.

The Jumbo circus, at BARNUM'S GARDEN, presents the appearance of a pension-bureau on pay day. The regulation ring acts are all very well in their way, but Jumbo takes the cake from everything. It is not often that the people of New York have the opportunity of seeing an elephant that has carried Queen Victoria and the other members of the royal family, and it is to be hoped that they will make the most of their privilege. We are authorized to announce that Jumbo has declared his intentions of becoming a citizen, and has already taken out his elephant folio papers for the purpose. We present a portrait of Jumbo:



REJECTED ADDRESSES.

[NEW SERIES.]

We have received so many pathetic and indignant remonstrances from rejected contributors that we are beginning to be convinced that we are really heartless and indiscriminating. We have therefore resolved to run a column of

"Rejected Communications,"

and let the rejected have a show for themselves. Contributions requested.

AN ODE TO SPRING.

I.
 All hail! the flowers, the buds, the trees,
 The purling stream, the balmy breeze!
 What makes the giddy ulster disappear?
 It's the glad some Springtime of the year.

II.
 All Nature, with a joyous smile,
 Like a maiden free from guile,
 Welcomes us with glowing arms
 In the sunshine of her charms.

III.
 Welcome picnic, with thy varied joys,
 Thy lovely girls and sympathetic boys.
 Let us recline beneath yon grateful shade,
 Cooled by the circus lemonade.

IV.
 The May-pole uprears its lofty height,
 Fed by the gleams of the sun's bright light,
 The charmed circle about it play
 Like the festive fawn and the sportive fay.

V.
 Welcome Coney, with thy cold gray sands,
 Thy iron pier, thy beer and bands,
 Thy electric light, like a glistening star,
 Shedding its lustre from afar.

VI.
 Through wooded height, through fertile plain,
 Near the ocean surge, in the shady lane,
 No more the wintry blasts we fear,
 Hail glad some Springtime of the year!

Dodo.

PUCK.





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THIS IS A VIEW OF THE PUCK EDITORIAL ROOMS, ABOVE AND BELOW, AND IS PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF SPRING POETS, LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS, CHARITY FIENDS, BOOK CANVASSERS, ETC.



TO PHYLLIS.

TRIOLET.

Take your hands from my eyes.
By St. Venus's doves!
It's a pleasant surprise—
Take your hands from my eyes;
But I more than surmise
Nicotine's on your gloves—
Take your hand from my eyes
By St. Venus's doves!

A. E. WATROUS.

THE POPE'S HABITS.

POPE LEO XIII. rises at six and says mass in his private chapel. He breakfasts early and sups at nine. At eleven he goes to bed.—*Exchange.*

Mr. Leo, you lead a pretty regular sort of life; but don't you think it might be made a little more happy and a little less monotonous?

Suppose you were, for a change, to sit up until three or four in the morning, playing draw-poker with the boys, and then breakfast late on Welsh rabbits and ice-cream?

Then you might enjoy a game of pool with some of the cardinals' apprentices, or play base-ball in the Colosseum with the Jesuitical Inspector of Wax Candles, or ride on a bicycle on the Corso, or challenge Hanlan for a race on the Tiber, or have a six day's go-as-you-please match with the leading pedestrians of the College of Cardinals.

You might even go to greater lengths by joining a four-in-hand club, and toot your grays all around the country, and take some of the aristocratic nuns out for an airing occasionally.

Even then, if time hangs heavily on your hands, you could, between the hours of luncheon and dinner, match pennies with King Humbert, or attend a dog-fight, or a cocking-



main, or write a play, or take a flyer on Wall Street, or run for alderman.

Indeed, there is no limit to the possibilities of Your Holiness's amusements and occupations.

À LA PATIENCE.

If you're anxious for to shine
In the politician line

As a man of shrewdness rare,
You must look up all the "bums"

Of the five-cent-whiskey scums,
And treat them everywhere;

You must lie like bloody blazes,
And discourse in knock-down phrases

Of your swollen-headed state of mind—
The meaning doesn't matter,

If it's only gallic chatter
Of an aldermanic kind.

And every one will say,
As you walk your fuddled way:

"If this great man expresses himself in terms too
great for me,

Why, what a very singularly great big man this great
big man must be!"

AARON FLEDGER.

AN APRIL FACT.

TRIOLET.

The robin's singing in the brake
And in the sunny garden,
The setting hen is now awake—
The robin's singing in the brake—
And soon Medora, with a rake,
Her fairy palms will harden—
The robin's singing in the brake
And in the sunny garden.

JOHN SMITH, JR.

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

Yes, Time changes all. He will change the flippant girl into a grave, thoughtful woman, whose daily existence hinges upon a new Spring bonnet. He changes the busy, bustling man of fifty years into the oldest inhabitant, who sits around the stove of the corner dispensary whittling turnips and lying about the days of his youth.

He changes the green October leaf into the color of an old cheese-rind. And he can also change a five-dollar bill with more "soonest" than any storekeeper in the lane.

Ah, yes; Time is a great metamorphoser, as I expect to demonstrate in the course of this little water-color sketch.

Ten years ago, in a little country town in New York State, I knew a young man. He was a dreamy youth—an idealist—whose languid soul seemed continually to be working in the deep intricacies of an uncertain future. He was the sole projector, architect and builder of numerous aerial structures, whose frail parapets shot far into the dimness of a mild Castilian atmosphere.

And, when he saw the winds of reality wrestle with the outer walls: when he saw the façades wither and the entablatures fall away from the fluted columns, then was his soul gloomed with

bitterness. I remember, once, while walking with him in the solemn vastitude of a forest, he thoughtfully took from his hip-pocket a little diary, and, opening it at the page on which he had made the last entry, handed it to me to read.

I have never forgotten the intense beauty of that sad sentiment. It was thus:

"MAY 21ST.—Now do the rain-storms of Fate beat upon the shores of my ultimate ocean. Let them roar and rage about the frail bark of my soul until, earth-wrecked, it floats out into the dense forgetfulness of Death. Satisfied—nay, happy shall I feel to sail thither to that unfathomable nothingness, where all is bleakly still as is the forsaken silence of the airless moon."

Beneath was the following wail over the corpse of some dead ideality:

"I.

"Yes; leave her to her peace. Do you not see
That she is done with life? Do you not know
That all the flowerful ways that were to be
To her are dead as dead—her heart is so?

"II.

"And what are we to do?—and oh, what use
Is there in living, now our love is gone?
She that alone could one dark soul seduce,
She that could gild the glooming of our dawn.

"III.

"We can but sob. She comes no more into
The arms of us. Her cheeks disclose no red—
As curled leaves of our amaryllis do—
And we of hope are weaned—our love is dead!"

Years went by, and, in the various and onerous duties which accrue to the proprietorship of a little country store, I lost sight of the sharer of my earlier walks and fancies.

The other week I went to Buffalo to bargain for a fresh stock of plough-shoes and suspenders. Having registered at a second-hand boarding-house, I strolled out to see the town. While ambling down Canal Street, I happened upon a wet and mud-stained leaf of MS., which was lying in the gutter. Picking it up, and finding it to be a leaf from some one's diary, I,

prompted by some unaccountable curiosity, took it home, dried it and deciphered its contents. They were thus:

FIRST ENTRY.—Went to see Edwina Miggs last night. Wina is a pretty girl, barring that purple wart on her chin and a mouth that looks like a bushel of potatoes in a peck measure. But she's got the business—that is, the mon'—and seems quite fond of me. So that settles it; I'll marry her. It was awful hard work to select a desirable place on which to implant a kiss; but I found one—it was the side of her neck.

SECOND ENTRY.—A recipe for the cure of a lame liver.

THIRD ENTRY.—Had a rattling good snack at old Mike's boarding-mill to-day. Had pudding, mush, muffins, ham-balls, barnacles fricasee in duck-grease and poor man's cake, with dried plum raisins. Afterward went down to saloon and put in a staving Tom 'n' Jerry! Bully times, these are!

FOURTH ENTRY.—Was a verse of ordinary Buffalo poetry, such as quite occasionally appears in the columns of the *News* and *Telegraph*, from the pen of the liniment poet of that city:

'Tis sweet to sit where all the waning zephyr
Exudes warm odors down the flower track;
'Tis sweet to watch the blue and yellow heifer
Eliminate the horse-fly from her back.

At the bottom of the page was the writer's name. And this is what surprised me and will surprise the reader. It was *not* the name of my boyhood's friend.

April, 1882.

EDWARD WICK.

THE MINT is softly blowing
Beside the winding brook;
The trees their blooms are snowing
In every garden nook;
And, while the lily-chalice
Sets humming-birds a-dream,
With whispers, George and Alice
Eat strawberries and cream.

THE HUNTING dog holds in his bark,
And points the sparrows in the park.

THE PROTECTED AND THE UNPROTECTED.

A LESSON FOR PROTECTIONISTS



"NEVER MIND, I'LL LEND YOU A HAND, SONNY."

We have seen Jay Gould at the theatre a great deal lately. He was at Wallack's the other evening, enjoying "Youth" with his son-broker. He admired the stock company very much. It is whispered that he intends to get control of the various theatres and to run them like railroads. If this scheme is carried out, it is not at all unlikely that the papers will report a corner in Wallack's and that there is a large short interest in Standards. We may even expect to see such a schedule as this in the Theatric Stock Reporter of the future: Haverly's, 132 1/4; Daly's, 114 3/4; San Francisco Minstrels, 114 7/8; Bijou, 118 1/2; Lyceum, 28; etc. After a while it is not unlikely that Gould will make a grand attempt to subsidize all traveling circuses and "Pinafore" companies, and hold the world of amusements in his palm, so to speak.—*New York Star*.

THERE is a woman out in Iowa who does not believe that Queen Victoria is possessed of that courtesy which one woman should show another. The Iowa woman wrote to Queen Victoria asking her if she intended to wear hoops the coming summer, and though she enclosed a stamp for return postage the Queen never answered the letter. This is mean. If we should write to the Emperor William to ask him what he puts on his bait, when he goes fishing, or to the Czar of Russia, asking his opinion of roast turkey, stuffed with dynamite, and should receive no answer, we should have our opinion of them.—*Peck's Sun*.

THE old lady came down to breakfast in a bad humor, and sharply addressing her son, said:

"Charley, did you leave that whiskey bottle on the parlor table?"

"No; I guess dad left it."

"Why do you think your father left it?"

"'Cause it's empty.—*Brooklyn Eagle*."

STATISTICS disclose the fact that of every ten children born in Wales, less than seven ever reach their twentieth year. The others were worn out learning to speak Welsh.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

WHO first inaugurated the fashion of calling envoys to foreign countries Ministers? When we consider that so many of them pass their time playing poker and other games of chance, the title is evidently a misnomer.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

GOOD BABIES.

'Tis a jolly day from East to West,
For children thrive, and mothers rest,
The darling girls all named Victoria,
And, with the boys, they have CASTORIA.
It is a fact, there is no "maybe,"
A mother's milk can't save the baby,
While sweet CASTORIA digests their food,
Gives them health and makes them good.

A man is often made miserable by suffering with skin disease; this need not be if Swayne's Ointment is used.

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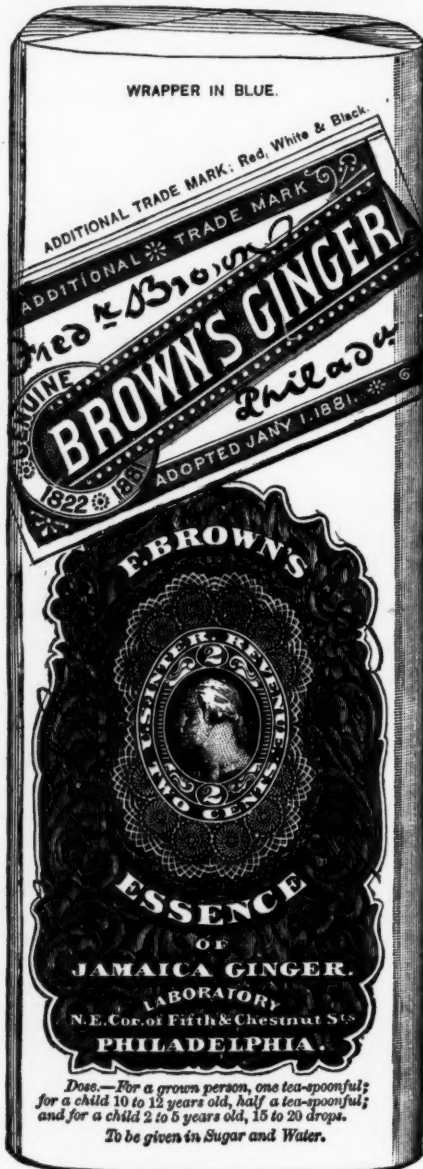
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A FASHION item says that "Titian-red hair is to be the favorite shade during the season." It differs from the poli-titian red. One is worn on the nose and the other on the head. But how a black-haired damsel is going to dye her tresses red is what puzzles us.—*Norr. Herald.*

PRESIDENT ARTHUR receives so many glove-boxes, worked slippers, dainty dressing-gowns, and other souvenirs from the fair sex, that sometimes he thinks he is a popular clergyman, and sits down to write a sermon for the following Sunday, and gets as far as "Fourteenthly" before he discovers his error. Ah, it is a great responsibility to be President of the United States; but we don't suppose Tilden would suffer from such an annoyance.—*Norristown Herald.*

It is to be regretted in some respects that the human race has not been clothed with feathers. In that case it would have been such a comfort to have had one's relations stuffed and set up on pegs in the back parlor.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE.

Ask druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, bed-bugs, roaches, vermin, flies, ants, insects. 15c. per box.

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box \$1; round, 50c. At all Druggists.

The great remedy: German Corn Remover. 25 cts. Sold by druggists.

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flavors his Champagne with ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the world renowned appetizer. Have it on your table. Ask your Grocer or Druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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"Oh! I am a Daddy," sent on receipt of four 3c. stamps. Sun Flowers, 10 inches wide, sent on receipt of four 3c. stamps. A full set of "Patience" cards, sent on receipt of two 3c. stamps. Card catalogue enclosed. C. TOLLNER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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"VROOM & FOWLEE'S" SHAVING SOAP gives a quick, soft, lasting lather. Sent by mail on receipt of twenty cents. C. H. Rutherford, 26 Liberty St., N. Y. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

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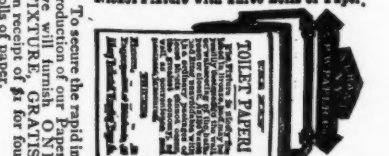
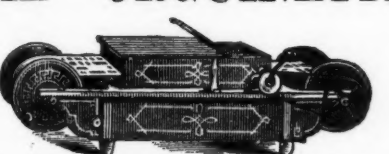
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THE tribe of savages known as the "Trinity," students of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., escaped from their reservation on Sunday night, ambushed three sophomores and hazed them to the fullest extent, leaving their scalps, however. The prisoners were taken out of the city in carriages, branded on the backs of the hands with the letters "T. F.," paddled, and left blindfolded in a swamp. These students are preparing for the ministry, but they had better graduate in Jesse James's profession. The colleges that permit these outrages, and do not punish the cruel whelps who indulge in such amusements, should be turned into reform schools or breweries. Every such student that is turned out into the world with a finished education is worse than a graduate of a penitentiary.—*Peck's Sun.*

THEY were taking their first Spring roam in the fields. The yielding turf, though hardly shaded with green, welcomed their slow footsteps, and an occasional bit of blue sky smiled through the gray clouds upon them.

"How beautiful out-door life is to be sure. See, Eugene, there are two birds busily getting material for their nests. Don't you think—don't you think—"

"I know what you are about to say, Sophie. But don't you see? The birds build their nests without bills to pay, and—"

"But they use their bills, Eugene. Why can't you use your bills—bank bills?"

"Because, my dear, I haven't got 'em."

This seemed to be the question, and after a little presentation of bills in the old familiar way, as the two sat on the big gray rock beneath the oak, the matinee adjourned, without date.—*New Haven Register.*

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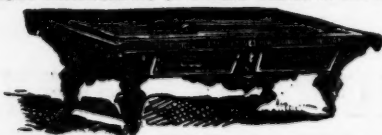
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A PRETTY girl in Sweden turned up her nose at her poor, but deserving, lover, and it froze in that position. Now she doesn't know whether to go into a convent or hire out to stand in somebody's hall as a hat-rack.—*S. F. Post.*

THE great London elephant has not yet been invited to dinner by the Lotus Club or Sir Cyrus W. Field; but he is naturally fatigued after his long journey and needs rest.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

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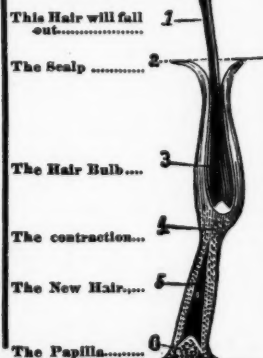
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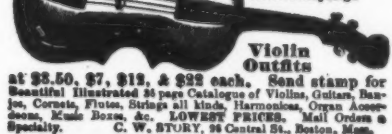
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